

T H E
DYING ROSE.

RECITATIVE.

THE balmy zephyrs breath'd their store,
And wav'd the gentle breeze;
The busy day of toil was o'er,
And Nature fought for ease.

AIR.

'Twas near a daisy-sprinkl'd mead,
A blushing rose I found,
Wasting its odours in the air,
Its sweetness on the ground.

Sweet flow'r, I cry'd, how short thy bloom!
And snatch'd it to my breast;
Here may'st thou shed thy last perfume,
And find eternal rest.

Yet no,—to Delia's bosom steal,
Who boasts her youthful prime,
And tell her plainly that her charms
Too soon must fade like thine.

Then on her bosom breathe the last,
While I thy fate deplore!
And mark with sorrow at thy doom,
That thou shalt bloom no more.